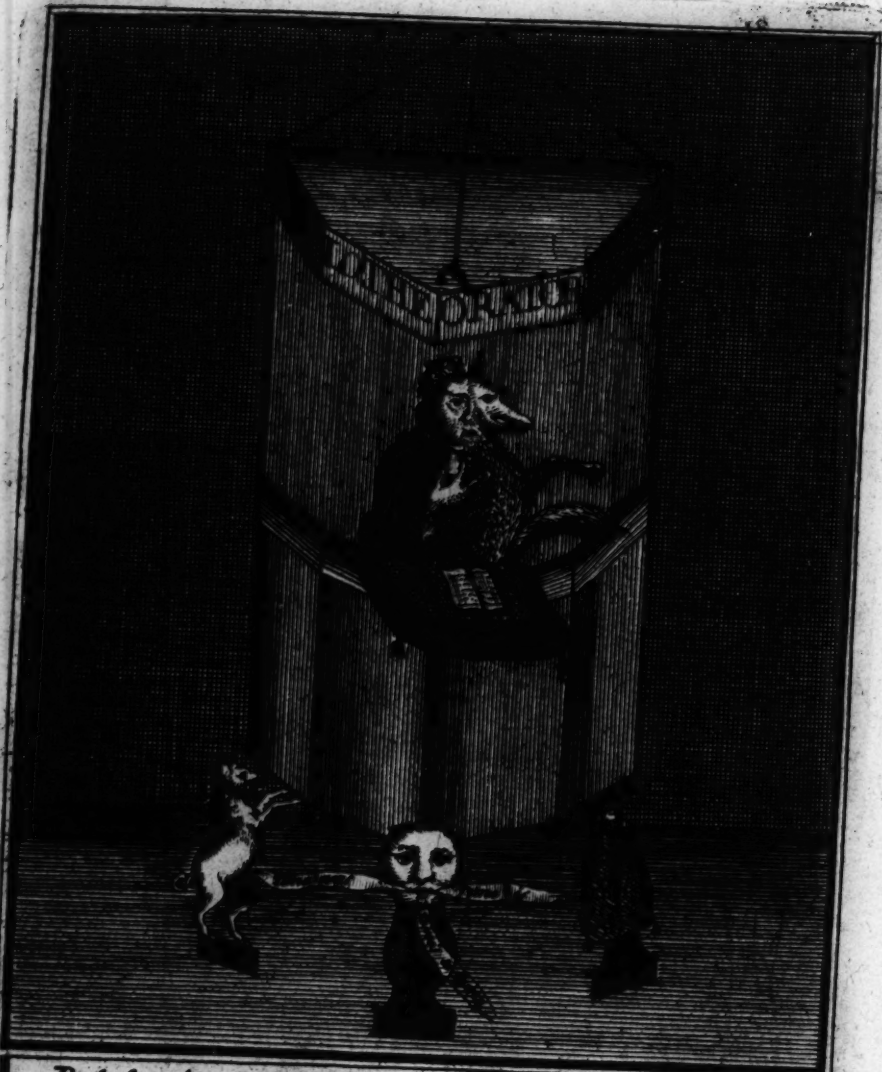


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*Bel & the Dragon's Chaplins were,  
 More Moderate than you by far;  
 For they poor Knaves were glad to Cheat,  
 To get their wives and children meat,  
 But you'l Sir not be fobb'd off; so,  
 You will have meat and money too,  
 Sure you must from your Primitive  
 And Heathen Priesthood, this Derive,  
 When Butchers were the only Clerks,  
 Elders & Presbyters of Kitch.*

*Hudibras.*

Royal Remarks ;  
OR, THE  
*Indian King's Observations*  
On the most  
Fashionable Follies:  
Now reigning in the  
Kingdom of *Great-Britain*.

---

The *Upholsterer* finding my Friend very *inquisitive* about these his *Lodgers*, brought him a *Bundle of Papers*, which he assur'd him were *written* by King *Ouka*; and as he suppos'd, left behind by some *Mistake*.

These *Papers* are now *translated*, and contain a-bundance of very *odd Observations*, which I find this little Fraternity of *Kings* made during their Stay in the *Isle of Great-Britain*.

SPECTATOR, N<sup>o</sup> L.

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## Royal Remarks, &c.



**W**HEN the *Indian King* and *Chiefs* were in this Kingdom, I often mixed with the Rabble and followed them a whole Day together, being wonderfully struck with the Sight of every Thing that is New or Uncommon.

I have since their Departure employ'd a *Friend* to make many Enquiries of their *Landlord* the *Upholsterer*, relating to their Manners and Conversation, as also concerning the *Remarks* which they made in this *Country*: For next to the forming a right Notion of such Strangers, I should be desirous of learning what Ideas they conceiv'd of us.

The *Upholsterer* finding my Friend very *inquisitive* about these his *Lodgers*, brought him a *Bundle of Papers*, which he assur'd him were *written* by King *Ouka*; and as he suppos'd, left behind by some Mistake.

These

These *Papers* are now *translated*, and contain abundance of very *odd Observations*, which I find this little Fraternity of *Kings* made during their Stay in the *Isle of Great-Britain*.

I shall present the Reader with them in the following Pages, (*viz.*)

*Some Men are safer in stealing a Horse,  
Than Others in looking over a Hedge.*

Mother Shipton's Prophecy.

How the *Royal Indian* came to fix on this *old England Proverb* I cannot pretend to say, therefore without any farther Apology I shall proceed to the Remarks.

WHAT in Name of Wonder the *Ante-diluvian Gentry*, or the *old Hunxes* their Descendants, meant by transmitting to Posterity their *Hieroglyphicks*, and such cursed hard Words, for as *Etymology* and such like, I cannot tell: Unless they did it by way of setting us either a Greek-Riddle, or *Cantab-Pun*, with Explanations much more difficult to construe, than the Riddle or Pun it self. Telling us at the same Time, that whoever could understand what was not to be understood, would be enabled in the Twinkling of a Bed-staff, to unravel the Mystery of Mysteries,



series, and Derivation of all Derivations, for the speedy resolving all Cramboes, rooting the meaning from their most obscure Caverns; and making their *Ratio* of this, that, and t'other, clear as the Sun at Noon-day, provided the Weather was not cloudy.

THE Disadvantages *Etymology* labours under, seem to be owing *first* to the length of Time it has been us'd, and ought to be thrown away for that Reason, tho' never so good: *Secondly*, the prevailing Party of *Troopes* cry out, That 'tis a Shame any hard Words contriv'd by your nasty filthy old Fellows, who comes stinking out of the Ark, should be mingled in this *our so much improved Age*, with their sublime *new fangled Phrases*, more nicely adapted for addressing the Ladies, being of a softer Nature, and tender, like the Heads and Hearts of their loving Orators. And *Thirdly*, altho' the *Gracians* have been accounted a wise and grave People; yet no Part of their Dialect can be thought entertaining, to a Sett whose Heads are turned more to their own singular Pleasures, than to make *Camels* of themselves, and bear such beastly Loads of Thought for the good of the Public. And as neither *Etymology* or any other Words having their Derivation from that wise People, are at present either regarded or understood, but by

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a few good for nothing Wretches (as our Moderns call them: ) There ought to be a general Regulation, and no Words admitted but those of a more soothing Accent, such as *Zounds*, *Dam-ye*, *Rot-ye*, &c. and such like; nevertheless, I cannot help thinking, that the Words *Etymology*, *Momus*, and many others of their kind, (tho' disliked by some Persons,) are very good Words: And I do verily believe were they set to *Italian* Airs, composed by *Seigr.* ——— and sung in *Recitativo* by a select Number of *Foreigners*, their Harshness would become smooth and sonorous enough, to ravish a polite Part of Mankind, who seem to have very little Esteem, if any, for the Signification of Words. Such Persons being generally found condemning of many for having too much meaning, and preferring these which have *in their Sense no meaning at all*. The latter being most agreeable to their own Parts of Speech, which is pretty evident, especially when they make Promises; either *First*, to pay their just Debts, or *Secondly*, in their Prologues to love Affairs, or *Thirdly*, when they have said any thing tending to the Relief of their necessitous Petitioners, who sing daily at their Levy to some dismal Tune, The following Words, of good my Lord, what d'y - call - 'em, Dear my Lord, or Pray my Lord; to which they

they add a most discreet Chorus, wherein is blundered out that charming Word *Necessity* ! which Burden cannot fail suiting my Lord to a Hair, being a Word entirely void of Signification to his *Donship*, and therefore the more liked : And his Honour to be even with them takes particular Care, that such his Suppliants may not be prevented losing their Time, nor the Opportunity of repeating it to him, and all the Town, often and as long as Time and Patience will permit them. During which Application, my Lord to show his Affability, answersthem with an unconcern'd Air, in their ravishing Dialect of Dear Madam such a One, good Mr. *What-d'y-call-'em*, and Dear Jack ! I beg you'll make no more Words, pray make no Words, *Lord, Lord, what signify Words*, which I think is no small stroke on the *Per-rycranium* of *Etymology*.

IN short rich Men will not take Time to give themselves the Trouble of diving into the *Etymology* of such Words as *promised upon my Honour* ; and had they Time from their Pleasures, their Policy is much to be commended. For if the Stubborn School-Boy had so much Wit, as not to read any farther in his Horn-book than great A, knowing if he read B, that his Master would make him read all the other Letter

Letters; why then should such *Dons* who are accounted very wise, exceeding great, and superlatively adorned beyond the other Part of Mankind, I say, why should they give themselves the Fatigue of going thro' the innumerable Affairs, attending the Performance (if done in a friendly Manner) of so large a Task as belongs to such hard Words as *I promised upon my Honour*. No—— The Promises of such great *Dons* are as they ought to be, they are the ill-begotten Bastards of their Minds, generated against the Will of their Parents, and are no sooner born than turn'd adrift naked into the World; and not only left to Starve themselves, but every one who give them any Credit, being never kept by the Persons who begot them.

AND yet to shew you how Words may be travers'd : Those of *Promise* and *Honour* in one Sence signifie *Nothing*, and in another *A great deal*. For 'tis evident that altho' a *Promise* is no more thought of by the *Don* that made it than as a meer *Nothing*, and actually meant by him as *Nothing*, yet every Promise he makes causes a *great deal* of *Fuss*, and encreases the Number of his Attendants ; which poor Creatures ( misconstruing the *Word* of a *Lord* for the *Lord's Word*,) immediately leap into Credulity, and in time (to their Sorrow)



Sorrow) find its Effects *a great deal* worse than they imagin'd. There is always *a great deal* of Ceremony paid to a *Promise*, *a great deal* of Money spent in attending it, *a great deal* of Virtuous Education sacrificed to it, and in the End, *a great deal* of Time lost by honest Men, who could, but for the hindrance of a *Promise*, have much better employ'd their Hours, tho' in the meanest State : In *witness whereof* (as Friend *Blunderbuss* once said) pray cast your Eyes upon the many Ladies to whom such *Dons* have sworn beyond the Invention of Oaths and Promises, you'll see them all ruin'd and lost for ever ; the Tradesmen who had the Honour to give their *Donships* Credit, you'll find become Bankrupts ; and even *Dear Jack*, who had the Pleasure of dangling a long time after his Honour, tho' but for an Excise-Man's Place, has exhausted his splendid Shilling, and now cries *Japan your Shoes your Honour*, in the Piazza, *Covent-Garden*. In which human and most noble Way of disappointing and ruining their Fellow-Creatures, they not only seem to glory, but daily set an Example to all Mankind to follow the Paths of their Betters (as they call themselves) so that in Time, if Providence don't unluckily hinder the Growth of such excellent Principles, there will neither be *Etymology*, nor any other Word left to signify *a Farthing*.

ALAS,

ALAS — Poor Etymology! — Men seem already to be deny'd the Privilege of their own Words, which Words they have both bought and paid for at School, nay, and enjoy'd the Possession of for many Years. 'Tis too plain our Words are abus'd by the busy and guilty Men of the Age, who in Coffee-Houses turn, winde, and misconstrue them from our innocent Meaning, according to their several Occasions; else how came it that the Words *Leviathan*, *Cardinal Woolsey*, and that plaguing one *Inuendo*? were taken so much amiss? For I'm sure *Leviathan* is in the *Revelations*, *Cardinal Woolsey* in *Baker's Chronicle*, and *Inuendo* in all the best Dictionaries extant: And yet we find those busy Wretches, those *Momus's* of the 'Times were disgusted at them Words; but I think they were as well rewarded for their Insolence, in throwing their Javelins, and shooting their Arrows at a *Great Man*; they have found to their Cost, that aiming at a *Bookseller*, is like shooting at the *Leviathan*, whole Scales are impregnable, they not having any thing for their Labour but a Return of their Fools Bolts, which have justly rebounded against their own Breasts; and 'tis judg'd, as the Proverb says, *That they would never have look'd for the Daughter of Mischief in the Oven of Scandal, had they never been there themselves.* SUCH

SUCH *Momus's* as these, according to their new Method of Criticism, you'll find daily endeavouring to prove *Yeas* to be *Nays*; and *Nays*, *Yeas*. They alone enjoy the Art and Liberty of Utterance in such manner, that whatever *Words* they speak or write, shall either have Meaning, or no Meaning, just as they please to admit them, which I am in hopes is fully demonstrated, in shewing that the Word *Promise* with some People signifies sometimes a Resolution to disappoint their Friends; sometimes a *Joke*, and sometimes *Nothing*; whilst among others of a different Class to their *Donships*, there is no Word has a more beautiful Meaning, it being by them thought to imply a noble Resolution faithfully to perform a charitable Act for the Relief and Support of their requesting, necessitous Neighbours in the most friendly Manner. Nevertheless 'till we consider further, we should not blame those *Dons* for their several and different Constructions of the Word, whose Ideas may possibly in some respects prove the best, for ought that we know: Nor does it seem unlikely when I scan the Matter a little better; for I must own, that an Injunction to perform charitable Acts, &c. upon so simple a Foundation as a Promise, is only a Notion cultivated among your poor *Mechanicks*, *Mer-*  
B
*chants*,



*chants, Tradesmen, Gentlemen*, and such like, who according to some People's Opinion, that one would think should know, are deem'd a Sett of meer Trash ; a low Degree of working Fellows ; a coarse Earthen-Ware sort of Men, who in the way of *Cantab. Pun*, love Meaning, because their Fortunes are *mean*, their Wealth being licentiously expended in filthy Industry for the Benefit of others ; a sort of Scrubs, who enjoy *Honour* without an Estate, and are Noblemen without a Title ; in short, they are a sort of Wretches who for their Poverty are out of Fashion at present to converse with. But *Timothy Wronghead*, Esq; who too often thinks his Judgment better than any other's, and being a great Lover of *Etymology*, was endeavouring to prove there is a great Difference between what some Folks call a *Person of Quality* and a *Nobleman*, affirming that the latter, tho' never so poor, are the best Class of People in the Universe, and gave me the following Opinion of his Family in few Words upon it : They say every Nobleman is a Person of Quality in Equity, whereas every *Person of Quality* cannot be made a *Nobleman* ; the Law of Nature having put in so many Caveats and Bars against it in the begetting of them. To which they added, endeavouring to prove a Nobleman was more to be esteem'd than a Person  
of



of Quality ; that such Noblemen as they meant, tho' not in *Stations* which some Folks call Power, yet they pay their *Debts*, and perform their *Promises* ; whereas such *Persons of Quality* as they spoke of, were never Born with a Spirit great enough to do either ; concluding that the former Sort not being in Power, confirm'd them in the Truth of the Saying, *viz. That such Persons of Quality are much safer in stealing a Horse, than such poor Noblemen in looking over the Hedge.*

How right 'Squire Wronghead's Family may be in their Sentiments, I shall not pretend even to imagine ; for the Man himself has very strange Notions, and, I suppose, is often at Work upon *Etymology* among his Tribe, without regarding the celebrated Methods of the two famous Universities of sound Learning, whose accustom'd Charity in Compassion to his Weakness, would have better instructed him, had he ever apply'd to them ; but the Opinion he entertains of his own Natural Parts, makes him think 'twas never worth his while. He will wrest ye many Meanings from an absolute *Nothing*, and argue upon the Words *Meaning* and *No-Meaning* so long, 'till he brings them back again to the Centre of his Understanding, which is *Nothing* : And just so he has done  
by

by the Words *Nobleman*, and *Persons of Quality*, as I made him confess after his Harangue was ended ; for he very *Frankly* told me, that he neither knew nor meant any thing by either of the Words, and only bang'd them and other Words to and fro for his Pleasure, as School-Boys do their Shuttle-cocks.

As a farther Specimen of him, I shall give you not only some more of his odd Notions, but those likewise of his Confederates (according to an excellent old Simile that many have call'd their own, *Match one the other like Bakers Tallies*.

THIS *Timothy Wronghead*, Esq; with my Neighbour *Doctor Puzzlepate*, and his intimate Crony and Counsellor, *Will Blunderbus* of *Addle-Inn*, Esq; are all so stupidly fond of diving into the Nature of *true Meaning*, as they call it, that I have never yet miss'd finding them closely assembled in Tripple Alliance at Sir *Martin Marr-all's* great Publick House near *CrackBrain Alley*, the Back-side of *Betblem-Hospital*, otherwise call'd *Bedlam* : At which Place I had at first no small Diversion in being now and then admitted They were frequently

ly Hand to Fist contriving, drawing up *Schemes*, forming of *Treaties*, or proposing of *Articles* for the maintaining of *Etymology* according to its original State, and erecting of *Barriers* for the Defence of it, against its dreaded and most potent Enemies, those Legions of *Toopees*, and *Gad-dem-ye-Sirs*, which sort of People they take to be very dangerous Fellows : And poor *Wronghead*, with the rest, not enjoying a Stock of *new-fashion'd Learning* sufficient either to understand or engage them, were all like to have been frightened out of their Wits about it ; yet had they lost the little Wit they possess'd, I can't but say it would have prov'd the safest Shelter they could have pitch'd upon, to hide them from their Enemy's Search ; for I'm perswaded the *Gad-dem-ye-Sirs* especially, would never have been able to have distinguish'd 'em from their own Party, in that Disguise, nor could their Speech betray'd them as Enemies to the *Toopees*, being without Wit. In short, these 'Squires and the Doctor don't like nor understand their Enemy's Contrivance of the fum'd *Powder* and *Balls* for a Philosophical Battle ; they don't approve of Jokes ; they said it look'd as if they were thought Fools, and had never seen a Battle by way of Argument in good earnest : Upon which, *Will. Blunderbus* recollecting, produced that worthy Piece,

*the*



*the Battle of the Books*, as a President, which set them all to Rights ; and having so good a Proof, they immediately prick'd that Book down as one of their principal Forts.

ONE Night I found them very near quarrelling, endeavouring to decide whether *Gibraltar* was of the same Derivation with *Giblitore*, or *Giblitore* synonymous with *Gibraltar* : Or further, supposing that *Gibraltar* and *Giblitore* were two different Places, whether they lay contiguous to each other or not ; and where they, or either of them, were situated, lying, or being ; or whether there was, or were not, any such Place or Places : All which they most learnedly argued upon for some time, 'till they concluded with this weighty Opinion, That if either of those Names signified any Place, or two Places, provided its or their Walls were so hard as either of their joint or separate Names seem'd to them, that then, and in such Case, it was their joint and separate Opinions, and strong Belief, that such Place or Places neither would, or could, ever be taken ; or if either it, or they, should or could ever be taken, or took, it did not signify one Farthing to them, or either of them : For whereas such Place or Places seem'd situated far off, and as they, nor either of them, had ever seen either one, the  
other,

other, or both, they agreed it was no Concern or Business of theirs, very loyally submitting to the Will of higher Powers, and then adjourn'd to the next Evening.

THE next Evening my Curiosity invited me to their Adjournment, where I found them upon their *old Topic*. 'Squire *Wrong-head* had, the Moment I enter'd, started a Question concerning the *Etymology* of the Word *Craftsman* ; but mistaking the old Word for the new, which latter he first propos'd, and running on in his Argument the wrong side of his own Question, he bungl'd so confoundedly in his Endeavours to reason on that Head, that he seem'd to me like a Jockey at *Newmarket*, who rode his Horse *Jebu* the wrong Side of the Post, on purpose to lose the Heat : And so the 'Squire continued for a while, 'till Doctor *Puzzle-pate* turn'd the Rein of his Thought, and set him in the right Road, by informing him that the Word *Craftsman*, which he seem'd then to argue upon, could not be the same with what he seem'd first to mention ; for the *Craftsman* he now spoke of, was an *antique Term* for a *Tradesman*, which was sometimes taken for the *Shoemaker's Fraternity*, under the Jurisdiction of *St. Crispin* ; which Sett of industrious Men call one the other Brother *Craft*, or *Craftsman*, a pious  
sort.

fort of People, who generally keep *St. Monday*, and sometimes *St. Tuesday*, *Wednesday*, *Thursday*, and *St. Friday*, *Holy*, as Days of Contrition and Penance for their having debauch'd the foregoing *Sunday*. But this I must say for 'em, They labour very hard the remaining Part of the Week to make good their loss of Time, and to maintain their Families. There is also the Word *Craft*, or *Craftsman*, as commonly accepted, for *Boats*, *Lighters*, and *Barges upon the River*, all which are call'd *Craft*, and their Owners *Craftsmen*: But chiefly this old Word *Craftsman* seems to have its Derivation, and most to be esteem'd, from the most ancient and celebrated Brotherhood of *Arts and Sciences*, the *Free Masons*. 'Squire *Wronghead*, who seem'd pleased with a Description he had not heard before, and being set right, it encouraged him to proceed in his usual bright Way, upon the new Word, which, he said, had, notwithstanding, some Affinity with the old One, as he found by what the *Doctor* had mention'd: For that altho' he did not really intend that either *Shoemakers*, Owners of *Craft*, or *Free Masons*, should have had any Share in the Question, as he first put it, yet he nevertheless, allow'd that his Meaning was to examine into the Nature of such a *Craftsman*, who, in his Opinion, knew as well where  
the



*the Shoe pinch'd his Countrymen's Feet, as any Crispin of them all. Likewise could find where the Secret Treasure lay belonging to a wreck'd Vessel, equal to the best Diver among the Water Tribe; and lastly, whose political Wisdom could as faithfully keep a Secret that did not tend to the Prejudice of Ben Pub, as any Free Mason of undoubted Integrity: For, added the 'Squire, the Craftsman I mean, is, as I take it, according to Genealogy, without being in the least beholding to the Flattery of a Herald for a Pedigree, a Man lineally descended from a Cunning-man, which Cunning-man was the Son of a Wise Man, which Wise Man was the Son of a Conjuror, which Conjuror must certainly have been the Son of somebody who knew the Devil and all. But you know the Magic there is in some Conjuring Wands, when you are once drawn within their Circles. Mum-Budget's the Word of Command; and then what signifies the Signification of any thing one could say or do, when too often we find that our own Words choak us, as soon for being pent in, as for their being utter'd improperly, or contrary to the new Rules of Criticism.*

*Will Blunderbuss hearing what dangerous Consequences might attend paraphrasing upon the Word Craftsman, and neither he, 'Squire Timothy, nor the Doctor, being o-*



ver-burden'd with Knowledge sufficient to make out clearly what a *Craftsman* was, or *who he was* ; *Will* was very near proving a *Dissenter* ; for he urg'd, that *Words* without *Meaning* began, in his Opinion, to appear *the safest* and most *fashionable among the Wiseacres in Esteem* ; and he did not know but he might greatly mend his Circumstances by taking a *Conventicle* to himself, where he should have nothing further to do than to choose *Hurlotbrumbo* for his *Text the first Day*, *Chimes of the Times* the remaining Part of the Week, and *collect Pence without Number* : Which Motion set *Squire Wronghead* and the *Doctor* immediately upon his back, calling him a *mercenary, new-fashion'd Fellow*, raving like Madmen lest they should lose so excellent a Confederate in their purposed Alliance for the Support of *Etymology*. But in a small Time their Fears were removed ; for *Will Blunderbuss*, whose Fire of Passion only flash'd in the Pan, did no further Mischief than create a little Smoak, insignificant as a *Whiff of Tobacco*, which soon vanished, and all were re-united ; concluding, that they knew no more of *the Word Craftsman*, than that they believ'd it meant a very *cunning Man* ; and that if it was so, they should be very glad to enjoy such a One's Opinion of an Affair that once happen'd to all Three  
of

of them ; which Story I had the Favour of hearing related by themselves the next Night, to which they adjourn'd.

THE next Night, according to Appointment, I did my self the Honour of meeting 'em ; and altho' at the beginning of the Discourse they confess'd that neither of them could make any thing of what they were going to relate, yet I propos'd to my self no small Pleasure in hearing what odd Notions some People entertain of Things for want of a right Knowledge.

THEY were some time in deciding who should be the *Speaker* ; but 'Squire *Wrong-head* at last was appointed to hold Forth, as having the best Memory ; and the *Doctor*, with 'Squire *Blunderbuss*, were agreed to sit during the Affair, as two of the Criticks Jury did upon the Body of *Divine* Shakespear, *lately murder'd again by a great Poet*, to the inexpressible Grief and Loss of his Executors *the Booksellers*, who generally take Possession of Men's Souls, binding them up in Calves-Skin Coffins, before either their Bodies care to part with them, or Nature has the Time to take away their old Cloaths, which she has a Right to according to her own Law.

AT length the *'Squire* open'd, with the Aspect of a Stuck Pig, and in the following Manner gave me an Account of the unaccountable Accident that had befallen this wonderful Triumvirate.

IT happened one Afternoon, said the *'Squire*, *we Three* taking a serious Walk together, willing to club each of us our Two-pence in the Way, unfortunately dropp'd into a damn'd Coffee-House near *Drury-Lane*, the Reputation of which we were innocent of; where, to our great Surprise, we found our selves surrounded with a Sett of our profess'd Enemies, the *Gad-dem-ye-Sirs*, whose Brains rattled in their Sculls like their Dice in the Boxes they we at play with: *Seven or Eleven* presently started up in our Minds, and we too soon found *we had nick'd it*; for in an Instant they arose, *Gad dem ye Sirs* said one, *Gad dem ye Sirs* said another, *and so on thro' the whole Company*; that in a Minute we were under too strong a Guard for any possibility of making a Retreat: We were immediately Christen'd according to their Religious Opinions, which don't a little vary from Christianity. *'Squire Blunderbuss* they said was a *Caccasago*; Doctor *Puzzlepate* they oblig'd with the Name of an *Old Put*, and my self they much honour-  
ed



ed with the Stile and Title of *an Old Prigg*. That we were all old Fellows, we readily confess'd; but we humbly desir'd, as they had shewn us the singular and unnecessary Friendship of standing Godfathers unask'd, to three such Pieces of Antiquity, that they wou'd add so far to the Favour already receiv'd, as to give us the Blessing of our Liberty to depart those Premises: To which Petition they one and all roar'd out, (loud as a Bell cast the Size of St. *Paul's* Cupulo with the Monument for its Clapper,) *Gad dem ye Sirs*, you're our Prisoners, - - - *Gad dem ye Sirs*, we'll have some Fun with ye, - - - *And* ay that they wou'd, *Gad dem ye Sirs*. Most patiently we endur'd being taken into their Custody, and according to the Order of their Committee we were soon hurried away to a *Metamorphosing House* in the *Hay-Market*; where, after having been for some Time made the Sport of another Gang belonging to the same Legion, join'd with a Party of *Toopees*, they uncas'd us, and bound Skins round our Bodies, each of a different Specie of Brutality; which done, they usher'd us to a large Place adjacent, where they turn'd us loose out of our Knowledge, among a *Herd of Hieroglyphical Beasts*, to shift for our selves, 'till the *Fodder* which that Field afforded, was demolished. We kept as near to each other as possible, resolving

solving to muster up what little Reason we had remaining in this our Fright, and endeavour to be contented with reflecting between our selves on the Vision that seem'd to be set before us, and of which, to our Afflictions, we bore some Part. We found our selves as *monstrous*, as much *star'd at*, *banter'd*, and *as little known* as the rest, which was some Comfort in our Misfortunes ; we heard nothing of great Consequence said among them, unless it was, *Do you know me ?* which every one bark'd out in the Tone of a *Lady's little Lap-Dog* ; and tho' many attack'd us with that *sublime Phrase*, yet we remained stedfastly *Mum*, which, I don't doubt, made us stigmatiz'd for *stupid Creatures*. I own every thing was so far beyond our Capacity of judging, that we could never so much as account for the Meaning of any Part. Nevertheless, the Notions we entertain'd were many ; for we conjectur'd our selves for some Time no otherways than in a *Trance*. On one side of the Place seeing a Number of *Pyramids* adorn'd with *Hieroglyphical Figures*, we verily thought our selves in *Ægypt*, where either we must have been *Kidnapp'd*, or *Conjur'd* by some *cunning Man* or other, out of a Frolick. The *Droves of painted Bodies* which stalk'd by us, came up to us, and danc'd round us, increas'd our panick Dread, we imagining directly (for I can't

can't say but they put us mightily in Mind of *the sinfulness of Sin*) that, perhaps for some of our old Crimes, the Conjuror had rais'd the *Aegyptian Mummies* from their peaceful *Mosoleums*, to give us not only Reproof, but Chastisement; *and that* the Ceremony was to be perform'd by Death wrapp'd up in Swathing, otherways call'd Swadling Cloaths: *But we* were still mistaken; for they prov'd rather a Number of *living, unsound Creatures*, than Corpses so well preserv'd as the *Mummies* are. Doctor *Puzzlepate* had another Notion in the Hieroglyphical Way: That the Pyramids, and other Matters, which seem'd to lie in great Order upon the Platform which the Pyramids stood on, seem'd to him *an Emblematical Figure* of the good Things set upon the *Altar of Baal*, as a Sacrifice to him; and that the Number of *Gormandisers* who came about it, taking all before them, were as a *Type* of the *Priests* in those Times, who devour'd, or took to themselves such Gifts as were design'd both for *their Gods and their Country*. After which 'Squire *Blunderbuss* reflected on us both, saying, That as Matters in his Judgment seem'd turn'd 'Topsy-turvy in the new World, and all things appearing to vary so much in their Nature, it was impossible for either of us who were educuted in the *ancient plain way*, to make a good and approv'd

Con-



Construction of any *modern Hieroglyphicks*, which he took that *Vision* to represent : And upon the whole, we agreed that neither of us knew any thing of the Matter. In short, when the whole Crop seem'd eaten off the Ground, one of the *Gad-dem-ye-Sirs* came up to us, pull'd off his *Hackney second-hand Countenance*, and commanded us to follow him, whrch we no sooner heard than obeyd. We were clapp'd under a fresh Guard, composed of himself and half a Dozen *Tobpees*, who carried us back to the *stripping Room*, re-equipp'd us with the inherited Apparel of our Grandfathers, made us drink two or three *very odd Healths*, and at last turn'd us out under a tripple Discharge of *Gad-dem-ye-Sirs* ; concluding with the following most obliging Speech of, *Take your Liberties, and may ye all Thbee be trebly dem'd, Gad-dem-ye-Sirs.*

THIS Sir, (said the *speaking 'Squire*) was the unexpected Ceremony of our Dismission, and as soon as we had recovered Faith enough to believe we were at Liberty, and Reason sufficient to ask a plain Question, we begg'd a *Chairman* (as he call'd himself) to tell us where we were ; who not only very civilly informed us, but with *Humanity* (which we had not met with among all the Society we had got loose from,) freely offered, seeing



us Strangers, to be our Guides wherever we pleased to go: saying further, in a pitying Tone, Ah Masters! you've been among a *sad Crew of Devils*. But the Directions which the honest Fellow gave us, being plain as our Question and Purpose required, we thank'd him to the Value of a Shilling by way of Encouragement, and trudg'd Home, where we arriv'd in Safety, to our great Comfort, about the Hour of Six the Morning following: The Afternoon we set out: which, (as far as Memory will admit of) is, to the best of my Knowledge, every minute Circumstance of the whole Affair: And thus ended the wonderful Story of this most learned 'Squire *Wronghead*, and his as wise Companions the *Doctor* and *Will Blunderbuss*.

THEY were very solicitous that I would give them my Opinion upon the Whole, and begg'd me to speak freely, for they were assur'd that so long a Story must signifie something, and that it must have some Meaning more than ordinary, because it had puzzled them for so long a Time. I assur'd them, it seem'd to me so far above my Capacity, that unless it was a joint Dream compos'd of their united Head-pieces to puzzle me, I could make nothing of it; humbly requesting they'd excuse my Backwardness in arguing upon an Affair which I declar'd had no other Appear-

ance to me, than that they all seem'd to have been terribly frightned at something or other, which Myſtery they themſelves ſeem'd not very capable, at that Juncture, to unravel. Nevertheless, I acknowledg'd the ſingular Pleaſure and vaſt Diſverſion which I told them they had given me in the Deſcription which 'Squire *Wronghead* had ſo eloquently ſet forth. *This Speech* which my wretched Ignorance had contriv'd, very ſoon demonſtrated what a grand Miſtake I had made; *I too ſoon found* my ſelf as perfectly wrong, as I'd before thought them; for they began preſently to make me ſenſible of their Reſentment, and dubb'd me *a Non Com.* which they plainly ſhew'd by Frowns dreadful as the clouded Heavens, that forebodes a Storm; they bit their Lips, ſtar'd at one the other, and (to confirm me in what I dreaded) threw their *Tobacco-Pipes*, like *Thunder-Bolts* from *Jove*.

Doctor *Puzzlepate* began with mumbling out, He found me not to be the Man of Parts he took me for; — *Will Blunderbuſs* ſeconded him, by muttering, That I was no *Specie* of a *Craftſman* he was poſitive; — and 'Squire *Wronghead*, in his uſual diſmal Way, agreeing with the reſt) murmur'd forth manifold Reflections againſt me; all which put together, form'd its ſelf into a ſort of

of united *Buz*, founding like Wind at distance 'midst the Trees before the Storm begins. In short, I found the Noise growing louder and louder, which convinc'd me that my whole Business upon such an Emergency, was, by some immediate Stratagem or other, to endeavour at appeasing the tempestuous Rage which their high swol'n Bosoms, so poyson'd with Indignation, seem'd to threaten me with: And as *Necessity* is often found to be *the Mother of Invention*, she was so good a Mother to me at that *critical Minute*, as to bid me start some damn'd *hard Word* or other, which, very probably, might turn their angry Thoughts, and set them upon a different Argument, in their *Etymological* Course of Sport, by way of fresh Game; which Advice I, like a dutiful Child to so indulgent a Parent in the very Nick of Time, put in Practice with all desir'd Success.

I BEGAN with the utmost Caution, in a gentle and most submissive Tone, to importune the resenting Worthies that they would, if it was but for no longer Time than *two Minutes*, keep fast lock'd those dreadful Gates which held as yet confin'd the Furies of their too much injur'd Souls. --- I acknowledged in the humblest Terms how much superiour all their Judgments were to mine, --- and



and that 'twas only to keep my Ignorance conceal'd; that I had strove the putting off a Disputation with Men of such Parts, especially upon a Subject so far above my Reach,--but humbly hop'd, as they were Witnesses how much I was concern'd for having so offended, that I might be favour'd with enjoying the Advantage of finding them prove rather instructive Friends, than Enemies: adding, that my pleasing Hopes were not a little strengthen'd by the Observations I had made of that noble Unity, so conspicuously shining forth from their *Trinmoirate*.

WHILE I was expressing this confounded set Speech, I easily discern'd *the Sky of their Physiognomies* grew more and more *serene*, which prompted me at once to put up my design'd and well-tim'd *Petition*, which I did in a very grave Manner: most humbly desiring they would assist the Weakness of my Intellects, in giving me their Judgment and Thoughts upon the *Etymology* of what I believ'd was an old Word, call'd *MOMUS*, newly brought upon the present Stage.

THE Moment I had nam'd the *Word*, away flew Wrath, Resentment was kick'd out of Doors, and a Smile of Joy stood Centinel upon each of their Countenances.

THEY

THEY all gap'd at the *Theme* I had offer'd, *like callow Birds while the old ones feed them*,—and would have directly gone upon it *Ding dong*, had I not regain'd so much Favour with them, as to get the Argument deferr'd 'till the next Board ; which, nevertheless, would not have been admitted, but that I engag'd my self to produce at their next Meeting, *a List of antique Words* that were all taken into Custody in one House, and condemn'd for being in Confederacy with *Momus* ; upon whom Sentence was pass'd by *a General Court of Toopees and Gad-dem-ye-Sirs* ; a Sett of Wretches, who notwithstanding they're both *Rich* and *Gay*, yet according to *Cantab.* are neither *Rich* nor *Gay*.

FORTUNE having thus quieted Affairs, they peacefully adjourn'd to the next Evening *seven of the Clock precisely*.

THE Time to which they adjourn'd being so short, there was no Opportunity for me to get off my Bargain ; therefore I had nothing left to do but drawing up the promis'd *List* with the greatest Expedition ; which tho' I much wanted to be excus'd from, yet it was such a Proposition as I durst not so much as hint to those testy Gentry, who

who were so unaccountable in their Methods, and so *very punctual about Nothing*, that the least thing was an arrant Affront to them, which to Men of Reason would have been the Reverse.

*Their odd Method of arguing so long upon things absolutely insignificant*, became as tiresome to me as they had formerly been diverting; and how I tumbl'd into their Favour I can't tell; but it seems they had register'd me into their *Society*, without either my Consent or Knowledge, at my first Arrival, and my silly Proposal in starting this new Affair, (as I found a little after) most firmly clench'd that Nail, which before they had only drove. For one among them I must be, or otherwise be haunted by the evil Spirits of some one or other of their Family, daily as I walk'd the Streets; so that I rather chose a private Persecution than a publick one.

At the Place appointed, some time before the Hour, I had been reflecting upon the stubborn Society I was so unhappy to be a Member of.——What the Devil were hard Words to me, - - -they were only Plagues,--- they never did me any Service, — What Business was it of mine whether Words signified any thing, or nothing? - - - *The new-fangled Method of Speech, without any Meaning,*  
other



other than what one pleas'd to put upon it, was more convenient for a Purpose I intend-  
ed to put in Execution, than all the quaint  
Terms in Christendom : But alas ! the Even-  
ing came on, - - - and to a second of Time,  
while I was lolling in *the pretty Barr-keeper's  
Lap*, I was disturb'd with the Sound of *se-  
ven a-Clock*, usher'd in by the *Triumvirate*,  
who were now no longer a *Tripple*, but (by  
the Addition of my Person) what they call  
*a Quadruple Alliance*.

I had but just recover'd from solacing my  
self in a very agreeable Manner, when *Squire  
Blunderbuss and his Companions* shot me  
quite thro' the Ears, with a loud Salute of *Sir  
Your most humble Servant, &c.* which Vol-  
ley I return'd with *Gentlemen you see I'm  
punctual*, and so follow'd them to their Ta-  
ble appointed for *Cross Purposes*.

THE Board being fat, I deliver'd in the  
*Scroll*, which look'd somewhat like the *Ti-  
tle-Page*, and first Side of a *Nomenclatura*,  
but not so explanatory. I told them very  
plainly, I was never acquainted with any of  
the People mention'd in it, (if they were  
People,) and hop'd they'd excuse me from  
any Part of the Argument, which they agreed  
to. - - They chose *Will Blunderbuss* to put the  
*Questions*, as Matter arose, in proper Order ;  
Wrong-

*Wronghead* and *Puzzlepate* were appointed to *argue* upon each *Crambo*, while I was indulg'd to sit as an *Arbitrator*, if I pleas'd, upon the Whole.

BEFORE *they began*, I was desired only to inform them, whether there was not something more belonged to the *Scroll* I had produced, to which I reply'd, there really had been a Sort of Book stich'd at the end of it, but as several Persons who scan'd it Syllable by Syllable, have declared *there was nothing in it*, I never took no Pains of perusing it, and so carelessly threw it aside. — Yet believing 'twas impossible so many hard Names and Things could be made use of about nothing, I preserved that Part; and thought my laying it before them, might be a Means of bringing somewhat to Light, that seem'd at present in Darkness to my shallow Comprehension; and which I did not doubt but the *Crucibles of their Brains* would certainly effect. Further adding, That as it seem'd by some *ingenious Man* designed for an *Entertainment*; I had another Reason to believe it was a *very good one*, because *those who some call the Town*, did not like it, — *like the Fair Sex who generally condemn a celebrated Beauty for being so*. 'Squire WRONGHEAD gave me a gentle Reproof for offering to  
hint

hint whether the Affair was good or bad by way of Opinion, before they had begun to examine into the Merits of it in due Form and Order. I acknowledged my Fault.—Took the Rebuke with all Christian Patience.—Sat my self down quiet as a Lamb. — And *Will Blunderbuss* read in his Place the following *Scroll* which open'd the Affair.

MOMUS turn'd *Fabulist*, or *Vulcan's* WEDDING, an *Opera*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JUPITER, *Neptune*, *Apollo*, *Mars*, *Plutus*, *Vulcan*, *Mercury*, MOMUS.

JUNO, VENUS, ÆGLE.

THE MINISTER OF FATE.

SCENE is the AVENUES to the Court of DESTINY.

WHICH being read ; *Will Blunderbuss* proceeded, and proposed as the first Question, that we should give our Opinions, whether the Word MOMUS was *Tea*, or  
E
Nay,



*Nay, a discreet Word, to begin the Title of any thing designed as an Entertainment.*

THE Door being thus far set open for Debate, *Doctor Puzzlepate* was directly opening his Lips to enter upon the Argument, when most unhappily he was disappointed by *Squire Wronghead*, who got the Start of him, by having spoke the first Word, so that *Wronghead* was allow'd to be first heard, and accordingly gave us his Sentiments as follows.

THE Squire began with declaring, That the Word *Momus* in his Ears, differed very much in its Sound from any thing that could be entertaining to him, unless it was the pleasing Opportunity he had met with, in arguing upon its *Etymology* and the Matter in Debate. And that he took it to be a mighty silly Effort of any one to propose the diverting your *Illiterate People* with such a crabbed and uncouth Word as *Momus*; for that in case he was to *advertise any thing with a View of entertaining the Public*; his Judgment should lead him no further than to set forth the whole Affair in *three Words*, viz. A NEW THING. After which, he should have no occasion to give himself the Trouble of any thing more, than exposing to the View of whoever came, either

either a new painted Rattle.—A new tin-  
sell'd Hobby-Horse.—or a new fashion'd  
Mouse-Trap. But he was of Opinion, the  
RATTLE would best suit the Taste: And was  
tolerably well assured it could not accord-  
ing to *Law* give any *Audience* liberty in  
a literal Sense, to say they were trick'd  
or affronted. For what reasonable Crea-  
tures, (such as every Audience is suppos'd to  
consist of) could in Conscience desire more  
than a Performance of all that either an  
*Author* had propos'd to entertain them with,  
or their *Curiosity*, having read the whole  
Matter before Hand, prompted them to see.

BUT the *Squire* indeed admitted, that  
he was not altogether void of apprehending  
some *Disturbances*, which might attend the  
*Performance* of even what he had propos'd;  
tho' never so inviting in its Title, or just in  
its Execution: For the *Squire* had said, as he  
had heard it very wisely observ'd, that there's  
*no general Rule without an Exception*; so  
he had great Reason to believe himself not  
too secure from Interruption, tho' his *Scheme*  
was *New, Short, and Pathetic*: There being  
always found a Mixture in *Assemblies* of a  
*discerning sort of Men*, whose extraordinary  
*Penetration* generally drives them to put a  
more extensive, and perhaps a worse Mean-  
ing upon the *Lucubrations* of an *Author*  
than

than ever the *Author* meant. Of which *Sett*, the *Squire* said, he should *first* make bold to give some Account, *and then* proceed in his Argument upon the Question.

OF such *discerning Gentry*, the *Squire* intimated there were *three Distinctions*; viz. *the wise*, — *the very Wise*, — and the *wisest of all* ! Which *three Classes of Knowledge*, he said, had their respective Degrees of *judicial Imployment* assigned them for the *Correcting of Errors* according to their several *Capacities in Criticism* ; which they were not only noted to transact with prodigious *Modesty* in the most *generous, private, and concise Manner* ; but were likewise celebrated for their unparrall'd Endeavours effectually to *establish an universal sublimity* with regard to *Letters, Speech, and Action* : And notwithstanding they are a *Sett* who in their pure Nature may be discovered to enjoy as equal a Fondness for a *new thing* as any proposed *Audience* ; yet the *Squire* said, the *Function* of such Men laid them under an absolute Necessity of always showing a remarkable sort of *Dislike* to all *Performances* whatever ; partly owing to their fear of losing the *unaccountable Reputation* which they had gain'd, of being thought capable to sit in their Turns upon the *tyranical Thrones of Censure*, in the  
Body



Body of an *Amphitheatre*, and partly thro' dread of forfeiting the *charitable Contributions of Pitt, Box, and Gallery Money*, which is often distributed among them for the noble use of their *superior Spirits*, and *vast Judgment* in *damning* according to their Manner, such *Authors Works* as their *discreet Benefactors* or *Patrons* have neither leisure from their *violent Studies* to amend, nor Stock sufficient of either *Courage* or *Cruelty* to condemn any other way, than by such their *unerring Deputies*.

THIS, the *Squire* said, being consider'd, made it seem to him morally impossible for his Project, tho' a *new thing*, to come better off than *Momus*, or the Works of many *Fools*, who have *mis-employ'd their Time* in *striving to oblige and entertain the Public*: Which *poetical Numpses*, if they were Ambitious of *chiming in with the Times*, should, according to the Nature of them, rather chose, either to have laboured in the Harnesses of *Coach-Horses*, or otherwise run in Couples with the Collars of *sporting Beagles* about their Necks: In which sort of *Industry* they would have met with much better Success with regard to *Promotion*, than by all their *mis-spent Labour of the Brain*, in composing even the best *Couplets of Verses, &c.* that their silly *Noddles* could

could pretend to make : and therefore, he was convinc'd with respect to such an *Entertainment* as he had propos'd ; that altho' 'twas so *exceedingly compact* ; yet those *three* mentioned *Classes* of *superlative Wisdom*, would not fail doing him the Favour of being immediately about his House ; and from whom he did not in the least doubt, but he should receive the following discreet, tho' severe Usage and Centure, by way of *an odd Method of thanks*, which they generally pay to an *Author for the Pains he has took*.

THE *Squire* said he was perswaded, that the *Wise* would take it into their Fancies, to imagine by his presenting to them a *new painted Rattle*, that he had done it by way of *Hieroglyphical Reflection* upon the Audience : which Thought, he said, could never have enter'd his shallow Scull, if they did not construe it so of *their own Heads*. And Ten to One, he said, if the *very Wise* who are a *terrible sort of Critics*, wou'd not as undoubtedly cavil at the *Rattle* for making a *Noise*, which their *great Wisdom* might perhaps take for a *Sort of speaking in their way* ; and would therefore cry out *Damn the Performance, 'tis out of the strict Rules of Pantomimes*. Which if it should so happen ; he said *those two mischievous*

*chievous Conjectures of Reflection and Noise*, would inevitably draw upon him the insupportable *Sentence* of the *Wiseſt of all*, who never fail chiming in with *the firſt and ſecond Claſſes*, and are ſo great in their *interrupting Ingenuity*; that no ſooner than an *Author* has been judg'd *Guilty* by the *wiſe, and very wiſe*; but the *wiſeſt of all* at once pronounce him *damn'd without giving him the Opportunity of a further Hearing*. Inſtantly putting a Stop to any other Perſon's being either diverted or quiet, *Be cauſe they won't like the Thing*.

EACH of theſe *Claſſes* the 'Squire ſaid, had their *reſpective Buſineſs* preſcrib'd, which is as follows, *viz. The Wiſe* were appointed to *ſhake their Heads*, and be often juſtling whoever ſat by them; — *The very Wiſe* were to *Grinn* by way of *Prologue to a Hiſs*, and ſo to excite many others who knew no better, to do the ſame *by way of Fun as they call it*; — And the *wiſeſt of all* were to ſound to Arms with their *Trumpets made of Scorpions Huckle-bones*, blowing up the Spirit of *Reſentment* throughout the whole *Assembly*, who, according to their *Deſign*, were immediately to *diſlike every thing* except the *Harmony* of their *grand Hurricane of Catt-calls*.



By Accident, indeed, the *'Squire* said, an *Author* might escape in a tolerable Manner ; but that he own'd must alone be owing to a certain sort of *Mistakes* those *prodigious wise Gentry* now and then happen to make in *either Hissing or Clapping improperly* : Which seeming Error (when enquir'd into) *they excuse very handsomely*, by saying, they either *left their Memorandums at Home*, or unfortunately *misunderstood not only the Nature of the Thing, but also what their Patrons bid 'em do* ; either of which, the *'Squire* said, he had great Hopes they would be guilty of at his propos'd *Entertainment*, tho' 'twas to consist but of one Thing ; for he had known a Sett of them blunder extravagantly in *applauding* such balderdash Stuff as *Shakespear's, Otway's, Congreve's*, and *and* others, alike Wretches of Authors, point blanc *contrary to the Directions of their Benefactors*.

ONE thing more the *'Squire* said he had observ'd with respect to the *Courage* of those Persons who show their *pretty Teeth*, yet *never Bite* ; whose *Valour* is not a little to be admir'd ! For notwithstanding they will neither *Compose themselves*, (as a certain *Author* desir'd them) nor oblige the World with the Knowledge of their Persons, yet in the  
midst

midst of the greatest Assemblies, with an amazing and undaunted *Assurance*, they'll make nothing to set the whole *Audience in an Up-roar*, and under the Shelter of their Obscurity, being muff'd, and a Full-Pot to the Centinel, will *bid Defiance to the most noble Circle* to call them to any Account.

The *'Squire* (after this Relation) proceeded upon the *Question*, much wondring how an *Ingenious Author* with Scholastic Learning could make so unhappy a Choice as he thought *Momus* was, for his *First Word of Invitation*, unless he had first gain'd a Number of Profelites sufficient for his Purpose, by bringing back a Part of Mankind to the good and wholesome old Way of thinking, and original State of Innocence. For I remember, *said the 'Squire*, to have read when I was *at School*, of one *Momus*, who was hated by all us *unlucky Boys* ; and tho' our *Master* (who discern'd our Dislike of him) told us, that notwithstanding *Momus* might seem to us a very odd Fellow, and a *Tell-Tale, Fault-finding God of the Ancients*, yet he was as useful in his Way as any God of them all ; for which Reason he urg'd that the Boys ought to revere him. *Nevertheless*, we *unlucky Ones* being near as cunning, tho' not altogether so wise as our *Master*, soon discover'd he was not a little self-interested in what he had said ; and that

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*being*

*being inform'd of other People's Crimes* was a Thing *he much lik'd*, which made him cry up *Momus*. Therefore to be as much on a Parr with our *Master* as our young Heads would reach, we unanimously gave each *Favourite Boy* of his, who was naturally addicted to run with our Faults to his Ear, the *Nick-name* of *Momus*; and instead of agreeing with our *Master's* Counsel, we cultivated a greater Dislike to the Name than ever; more especially when 'twas evident, That not one of us ever suffer'd the *Lash* under his Jurisdiction, but *Momus* was the Cause of its being put in Execution; and *Pique* the *Squire* said was a great Matter in the Affair he was arguing upon, which made him the more wonder, that any Man could believe it possible to single out a Sett of worthy People, without a Mixture of *resenting School-Boys*, who had imbib'd an irreconcilable Inveteracy against all *Tell-tale Momus's*: Besides, the *Squire* said, if the *Momus* he debated upon, answer'd the Character he formerly read of him, he must be a *crusty, surly, peevish, impudent, lying Fellow*, who would not baulk openly to *find Fault with his Brother Gods*, tho' never so much his *Superiors*; and without Favour or Affection made it his Business the telling as many *false Tales* as *true Ones*: Therefore, said the *Squire*, who among us  
could



could have thought that a *political Man* would ever have chose such an *Out of the way Person* as *Momus*, for a *Jack-Pudding* to divert a Number of People, who, altho' they are without Fault, would, Nine of them in Ten, depart grumbling, out of a true Spirit of Humanity ; resenting to hear their Neighbours Crimes published on this Stage of Life, by such a Night-Bird as *Momus* ? For, if Memory han't given me the Slip ; *Momus* was the real Son of that dark and dismal *Jade Night*, who shelters all the Whores and Street-Robbers about Town, notwithstanding the *Convex-Eyes* of *Astrea* are judicially fix'd at most *Avenues*, for the safe Conduct of *honest Bacchanaleans*, who seldom take their Journey homeward 'till that black Hagg *Madam Obscurity* is got abroad in her full *Meridian*. I own, some Sycophants now and then flatter the Hussey with the Name of *Good-Night* ; but nevertheless I must have the Liberty of hating the Baggage for bringing into the World that sad Fellow *Momus*.

THE *Squire* to conclude his Argument against the Word, alledg'd, That as very few wou'd be diverted with hearing their Faults, *Momus* could not be any way entertaining to such a Number as an Author inclines to invite : And as he believ'd *Momus*

*mus* was a Word understood but by very few, it could not be judg'd any more inviting to that Part of the desir'd Number who did not know him, than to those that did ; for as *the first Blow* is generally accounted *half the Battle*, so the *first and emphatic Word of a Title* generally strikes the Reader's Mind with Pleasure or Dislike, making half the Impression at one Stroke, be it good or bad. A plain Instance of which the *'Squire* said, we might daily see, by only giving our selves the Trouble of stepping into a *Bookseller's Shop*, where we should quickly discern how much superior the Policy of a *Bookseller* is to the Judgment of an *Author* ; by observing the *Lime-twigg Titles* of their own composing, which are laid in great Order on their *Compters*, to catch the *curious Birds of Life*, who wou'd ne'er be taken in by the *Author's Chaff*, if there was not a little *Rhetorical Corn of a Bookseller* thrown over it. And therefore he said, *Momus wanting that Lime-twigg Faculty, was not, in his Opinion, a discreet Word for the Title of an Entertainment* : But he own'd himself not so sufficient a Judge as the Matter in debate requir'd ; and therefore he desir'd *Doctor Puzzlepate* would begin, and oblige him with *his Thoughts upon the Question*.

*'Squire Wronghead* having thus closed his  
Dis-

Discourse, gave a much long'd-for Liberty of Speech to the *Doctor*, whose Impatience prevented the Ceremony of a second Request ; for in *half a second of Time* he prov'd his undoubted Right of being the next immediate Orator upon the Subject in Hand.

THE Prelude of his Harangue consisted of two or three awkward Compliments to *'Squire Wronghead*, upon what he had spoke of *Momus*, with regard to his having said so much, and argu'd so very long upon a *Theme* which did not seem to him altogether so well propos'd in the *Question* as otherwise it might have been : For, said the *Doctor*, our Friend *Blunderbuss* not having distinguish'd whether the *Name* in debate was to be argu'd upon as the *ancient Momus*, or as one of a *modern Stamp* ; it could not be well decided by any single *Genius* 'till that Point was clear'd : Nevertheless, he said, as it gave him his wish'd-for Opportunity of arguing in a different Manner to what *'Squire Wronghead* had said upon it ; he was much better pleas'd with finding such an Obscurity in the *Question*, than he should have been to have had it put in a plain Way. For the *Doctor* said, if the *Momus* in debate had been absolutely stated as *the Fault-finding Whelp of the Ancients*, he must in such a Case have thought himself immediately oblig'd



blig'd to submit in all Respects to what *'Squire Wronghead* had advanc'd on that Head, and to have directly laid down his *Cudgel of Argument* upon the *'Squire's* first Blow.

BUT as the *Question* seem'd in the *Doctor's* Mind to stand thus between *Hawk* and *Buzzard*, he hugg'd himself with the Advantage he had in its being as liable to be constru'd by him for a *modern Momus*, as an *antique Churl*; and thereupon he took the Freedom of saying, That his Opinion was not the distance of a Furlong from downright believing, that supposing it *modern and very new*, it might possibly be very diverting among some Folks for some time; there being one Thing in that Case which seem'd to him exceedingly in Favour of the Word *Momus*, whether it had any Meaning or none: For the *Doctor* said, That to the inexpressible Comfort of several Persons whose Births had happen'd to refine 'em, and who, for the most part, may chance to entertain a darling Passion for such Words, while new; he could assure them they had an Opportunity worth embracing, to say great Matters in this *Momus's* Behalf, with respect to its never having been as yet poluted by the vulgar Accent of either *Footmen, Chamber-maids, or Cook-wench*s; nay, nor was it ever more than  
once

once (and then but softly whisper'd,) by a *Lady's Woman*, who quickly met her *just Reward* for doing so, in being *soundly chid*. Therefore, the *Doctor* said, he did not doubt but *Momus* was not only in Esteem at that Time among the better Sort of Folks, but was very likely to remain so for a considerable while, being a Word not commonly understood, and by that good Fortune escap'd a Mixture with your *paltry common Sense*, which sort of Knowledge is with Reason not much valued, owing to the mean *Extraction* of the *Wretches* who most vulgarly enjoy the Use on't.

Nevertheless *Doctor Puzzlepate* could not, according to his accusom'd Method, avoid flying off a little from his propos'd Security of the Word *Momus*, tho' stated by himself as *modern* and *New*; for the *Doctor* said, he could neither absolutely nor properly warrant *Momus's* continuing an Hour longer in Favour than Words of common Sense and good Meaning; he having observ'd a Sett of Persons whose fashionable Method of proceeding had almost destroy'd the Foundation of his steady Principles, by their setting him the Example of despising every thing after it had been once handled by People of a low Rank; which Observation, he said, convinc'd him that the best of Things were but short.

*short-liv'd with regard to Favour*; and therefore he was of Opinion, that in a small Space of Time there would be an open Rupture among a Sett of Persons societing in Assemblies of their own Institution, which Society seem'd establish'd by them, out of a *due Respect to public Oeconomy*, with the additional Contrivance for its better Support, and to serve their Friends of *that most excellent Amusement call'd QUADRILLE*, in which Diversion the glorious Examples as well of *Industry as Frugality* are remarkably conspicuous, by daily instructing Mankind in the *discreet and pleasing Art of passing away their Time*; which leisure Days and Nights they might otherways have lost, or else employ'd much worse, if *possible*! The Doctor added as an irrefragable Reason for his Fears, with regard to the Downfall of *dear Ravishing QUADRILLE*; that to his Knowledge *its Reputation was stain'd with being Copied by the Vulgar*; for he had been credibly inform'd, that a *Link-boy, a Chimney-sweeper, a Black-shoe-boy, and a Kennel-raker*, were very lately assembled at a *Cellar in Soho*, over a Full-Pot of Butt-Beer, with Tobacco and Pipes; where after they had regularly plac'd themselves, one at each Corner of a *Joint-Stool*, which serv'd them as a *Table*, with their *Landlady's ragged, dirty Apron* instead of Velvet, to keep the greasy

Cards



*Cards clean* : they impiously *mimick'd their Betters*, and *play'd away the whole Night at Quadrille*. And also he had receiv'd another Information of the same Nature, That a *Pudding-woman*, a *Ballad-singer*, a *Cynder-wench*, and a *Card-match-maker's Daughter of Rosemary-Lane*, were alike met in another *Cellar by Tyburn-Road, St. Giles's*, all of them in a loving Way, over a *Hot Pot*, dexterously shuffling the Pack, dealing round to one the other *in due Order*, with the same Insolence of the *Soho Party*, and at the same Game, much to the *Discredit of renown'd Quadrille* : but what was strange ; he confess'd there was not to his *Hearing one Whore among them* ! The *Doctor* therefore seem'd convinc'd that the *Gentlefolks of the Town* would certainly leave it off when they once found it so much abus'd.

THE *Doctor* proceeded with a very odd *Apology for his Digression*, which he justly suppos'd we thought him guilty of ; giving us to understand, that he took that *round-about Way* purely to make his *Argument* appear the shorter, and to show his prodigious Skill in Rhetoric, by first making us believe that he approv'd of *Momus*, and then how capable he was to bring himself clean off again, by chiming in with our Sentiments of Dislike to the Word, on account of its not seeming sufficiently

G

ciently understood to be any way entertaining: which the *Doctor* endeavour'd to demonstrate, by traversing the Matter a little further, and giving us his Report of some Notions that were entertain'd of it in several Families, with whom he had been frequently debating upon its *Etymology* before that Evening: tho' he was so sly as not to make any of us in the least privy to it 'till that Moment.

THE *Doctor* began his Report with declaring he had found most People of Opinion that the *Momus* in dispute, was a *modern Name*: and was thought by a Person in one Family, to have been invented by its Author in the way of a *new-fashion'd Family Riddle*: and therefore they argued upon it in the familiar Phrase of *Riddle my Riddle my Ree, &c.* — But the *Doctor* assur'd us, that after a tedious Debate ended, none of them could find out neither *what* this *Momus* could be, nor *who*.

IN another Family he said where they were disputing upon the Word; a *Nurse* who was leading a Child about the Room, put in her Verdict, and begg'd her Lady would give her Leave to make Use of that Word *Momus* for the keeping little Master in Awe when he was naughty, instead of *Rawhead and Bloody-bones*: for she thought it founded like a more genteel Name than  
either

either them, or *Bugga-Bow*. Her Lady reprimanded her, - - bid her mind the Cradle, - - and rejoin'd her Thoughts upon *Momus*, with those of the Company : which amounted to no more than the Opinion of others, who generally us'd to say, Let *Momus* have a Meaning or no Meaning ; or be it what, or who it wou'd ? *MOMUS had cost them a great deal of Money to no purpose, and that was all they knew of it.*

IN the next Family, where the whole Conversation was engag'd upon the same Enquiry, the *Doctor* said, he could reach no nearer to the Meaning of *Momus*, than he had done before ; and he confess'd, that in all his Visits he had not met with one who lik'd it : For, notwithstanding they had been at *the House where the Creature was shown*, and examin'd the whole Matter ; they could not make any thing of it : all agreeing, that it seem'd to them like a Man making a sad Noise, — very ill dress'd, — and a thing that no-body could tell what to make of ; more than that, every-body said, (if that was *Momus*,) he seem'd to be *got into very bad Company* ; joining with others in their Conclusion ; That *Momus had cost them a devilish deal of Money*, which the *Doctor* said, they to convince him, produc'd the following *Bill of Expences* for their Family the first Night.

Ex-



Expended in Sir *Humphry Snarle's* Family for the  
Account of the New-Entertainment call'd  
*M O M U S*, viz.

For Coach-hire to *Lincoln-Inn-Fields* } 00 1 6  
one of their own Horses being lame. }

Four Places in the Side-Box for the  
Old Lady, her two Daughters, and  
the Young Gentleman (their first  
Cousin,) One Guinea. Which was } 01 1 0  
1 s. in the Box-keeper's Pocket. — }

*The Book of Momus.* — — — 00 1 6

Tea in the Boxes, and Orange-Chips. 00 2 6

Coach Home. — — — 00 1 6

Besides Expences in dressing for the  
new Entertainment, *Extra Milinary*  
*Ware*: such as *Political Ganse-Heads*  
for encouraging the *Spittlefields Wea-*  
*vers*, in Pique to the *Ostend Trade, &c.* } 21 0 0  
together with several other necessary  
*Baubles, and a Supper spoil'd.* — Mo-  
destly judg'd in the Whole at about — }

Total — 22 8 0

WHICH Bill it seems *made the good old*  
*Gentleman (who waited for them at Home*  
*with Impatience,)* sware an Oath of the first  
Mag-

Magnitude at their Arrival, that they were a Pack of inconsiderate Fools : For that after all their blundering about Riddles and the Meaning of this, and that, and 'tother ; tho' they could not make it out, *'twas plain to him as the Nose on his Face ; that Momus was Latin for two and twenty Pounds eight Shillings Sterling.*

THE *Doctor* at last having spun out his Discourse to the utmost limits of his Lungs, came to the following Close of his Argument, which we as heartily long'd to hear ended, as his eager Mind was desirous of beginning it.

HE said that, in short, *Momus* appear'd to him in some respects entertaining enough, but in others quite contrary. He thought it an indiscreet Title.— He could make nothing of it, — and the rest of the Title seem'd to him very ill composed. For the Word *Wedding* in it was not Policy, Marriage not having a Sound so exceedingly inviting as it should have ; nor the Word *Opera* did not seem altogether so pleasing as it has been : But as for the *Dramatis Personæ* ! it look'd in his Mind like the List of a *Tag-Rag and Bob-Tail Crew*, not worthy his arguing upon, but in the Lump : Therefore he gave us his Opinion of it in few Words,

Words, That he believ'd them to be a Parcel of very sorry Wretches, and tho' he knew nothing of one more than the other; he guess'd the *Minister of Fate* was meant for *Jack Catch*; the *Scene of the Avenues* for *Newgate*, &c. and the *Court of Destiny* for the *Old-Baily*.

*Will Blunderbuss* rav'd confoundedly at *Doctor Puzzlepate* for having Sum'd up the Whole, and especially in so few Words, before he had divided the rest according to Order, into particular, (and what he call'd) proper Questions; which he said he had been preparing all the time *'Squire Wronghead* and the *Doctor* were in debate. But after a small Squabble, I assum'd the Privilege they gave me of an *Arbitrator*, and soon pacified their mutinous Invectives one against the other, by averring; that each of them had fully prov'd by the Excellency of their Discourses, that 'twas very plain there was no Meaning in any one thing they argu'd upon, more than that by their Motto it appear'd that some Folks really might better steal a Horse than others look over a Hedge; and I knew nothing wanting but to make a due Entry, and close the Minutes of the Night with a *Memorandum with regard to Titles in general*, according to their new *Method of Criticism*, by way of *Advice to*



a *New Author*, which was agreed to as follows, *viz. Memorandum, That an Author would meet with more Success in making a Dramatis Personæ of the Devils in Vogue; whose Pleasures would be more diverting than one compos'd of the ancient and decay'd Gods, whose Virtues are out of Fashion, and Vices so little car'd to be heard mention'd.*

*Will Blunderbuss*, indeed, requested me; (being dubb'd their Secretary,) that I would not close the whole Matter without adding *two Lines* of his own hatching: and begg'd they might be *register'd in Honour of their Brother Wronghead*; which being done, we departed with the Ceremony of *Farewell*,—*God be with ye*,—*Your Servant*,—*and Good Night*. The Lines were,

*As Seeds of Nonsense suit all Climes,  
The Wrongheads may be Right sometimes.*

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F I N I S.

